

THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1851.

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TERMS:

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Office on the West side of the Public Square, next door but one above the Post Office.

THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1851.

St. Louis, June 21, 1851.

ANOTHER FLOOD ANTICIPATED—MERCHANT DROWNED—CANAL BOATS SUNK.—The Mississippi river is rising again at this point, and the Missouri and Upper Mississippi are also very much swollen. Another flood is expected.

A. Leasure, a merchant of St. Louis, was drowned yesterday morning.

Two canal boats, bound from Chicago to St. Louis, have been sunk by the steamer Briggs, on the Illinois river.

Judges King and Parsons have decided, in Pennsylvania, that a telegraph operator is not bound to keep inviolate his pledge of secrecy with regard to the communications that pass through his hands, when he is ordered to divulge them by a legal process. Judge Campbell dissented.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE.—Capt. Smalley, of the brig Capt. Tom, which arrived at Philadelphia on Friday, from Cienfuegos, makes the following report: "While the C. T. was lying in Cienfuegos, a French sailor belonging to a French barque was found secreted in the hold, and was conveyed with my assistance to his vessel, and sailed for France the following day. Four days afterwards, to my great astonishment, I was fined by the authorities \$50, and \$4 additional for interpreters' fees, to which act of unheard of injustice, I was compelled to submit."

Col. Talcott has been arrested by General Scott, in consequence of charges preferred by the Secretary of War against him of insubordination and disrespect, principally, it is understood, in refusing to submit to the Secretary's approval certain contracts for casting cannon at Richmond. The court martial to try Col. Talcott meets in Washington on the 23d. The court is composed of Gen. Twiggs, Wool, Smith, Riley, Gibson, Walbach Churchill, Totten, Clark and Childs—Col. A. B. Crane and Plympton—and Maj. Lee as Judge Advocate.

THE METHODIST CHURCH SUIT.—We learn from the Christian Advocate and Journal that the book agents of the Methodist Episcopal Church, acting upon the suggestion of the Court in the late trial respecting the church property, have proposed to the commissioners of the Church, South, "an adjustment of their preferred claims by a legal arbitration under the authority of the Court." We are glad to learn this, and trust that the South will, with equal promptitude and cheerfulness, meet the proposal favorably.

GOLD DROWN EAST.—The Hallowell (Me.) Gazette of the 7th inst., says: "There is no doubt that gold may be obtained in large quantities in the Northern part of Maine, in the streams that empty into the Chaudiere and the Penobscot. Individuals are getting from \$20 to \$40 a day. Rumors are prevalent and uncontradicted, of from \$50 to \$200 being taken out in one day. It is estimated that two thousand men are now on their way to the diggings, many coming from Boston and New York. A lump of gold, weighing 87 was exhibited in Waterville last week, which was found on the Maine side of the boundary."

MISS BREMER.—We had the following paragraph in one of our southern exchanges and hope that we may have the pleasure of seeing the great authoress in our city.

Miss Bremer leaves Charleston this week and after passing through Tennessee and Virginia, will proceed northward, and in August go to the World's Fair. She will have been absent nearly two years.

SHOCKING.—A man in our presence the other night perpetrated the following: "Why cannot the 'Yonah' Locomotive sit down? Answer—because it has a tender behind."

In walking, always turn your toes out and your thoughts inward. The former will prevent you from falling into cellars, the latter from falling into iniquity.

For the Athens Post.

Mr. IVINS: A bright and prosperous future now seems to be dawning upon East Tennessee. Our Railroad from Dalton to Knoxville is rapidly progressing to completion, and it will be but a short time till our people will have a certain, continued, cheap and expeditious mode of transporting to and from an Atlantic sea-port all their exportations and importations.

Stimulated by the feeling characteristic of Americans, now that they know that their industry will receive its due reward, our Agriculturalists are putting forth their energies and skill to bring from the earth its greatest capabilities.

No one acquainted with East Tennessee, its climate, its soil, its mineral resources and agricultural productions, has ever doubted that, by having an expeditious and cheap access to a Southern Atlantic market, it must rise to as high importance as any other section of country of like extent in the Union.

Although never engaged in trade of any kind myself, yet engaged in a business wholly dependent upon the general prosperity of the country in which my destiny is cast, I have ever felt it my duty as well as interest to aid, to the extent of my humble abilities and limited means, in promoting the common weal; with this feeling and for this object I venture to make a few suggestions to the merchants and traders of East Tennessee.

It is a well ascertained fact, I believe admitted to be so by all, that the South is the natural and best market for the productions of East Tennessee, and, as a general rule, it seems to me that where we sell, there we should buy what we desire to bring into the country, those articles being in that market for sale. Although this course of trade is admitted, yet the fact is that our exportations have heretofore been, as they ought, to the South, and our importations from the North-eastern cities. Causes known to all business men and not necessary now to be mentioned, forced this unnatural course of trade. Those causes have now, to a great degree, ceased to exist.

Since the extension of the various Railroads from the South Atlantic cities to the interior, the transportation of merchandise from them into East Tennessee is now more safe, certain and expeditious than it ever was or can be from the North-eastern cities, and the distance being much shorter, the cost of transportation must be much less.

If such be the case, why do any of our merchants still make their purchases at the North? I have heard some say they make their purchases cheaper, so much so as to justify their delay in receiving their goods, and their submitting to the additional expense of transportation. From facts that have recently come to my knowledge, if such has been the case heretofore, it is not so now. There are many wholesale merchants in the city of Charleston, direct importers from foreign countries, who will sell as fine and fashionable a stock of goods as can be purchased in any of the Northern cities, and at as low, if not lower, prices.

If this be the case I submit it to the serious consideration of our merchants whether it would not be better subserving the interest as well of themselves as of East Tennessee, to try the Charleston market this fall before they proceed North.

AN EAST TENNESSEAN.

BLOOMERISM IN MISSISSIPPI.—The talented editress of the Yazoo Whig thus refers to the costume à la Turque. Mrs. Brewster is the only editress in the South West, and her suggestion to our lady readers will be read with interest, and will perhaps induce some to pause before they adopt the breeches, and with her "wait until all is ready."

"We don't approve of the ladies insinuating themselves into the insignia of freedom, without the reality. Wait till all is ready. Let the assembled wisdom of the Women's Convention decide to revolutionize and break down the oppressive power of the lords, and then raise the standard of rebellion boldly—make a declaration—like that old one of '76, or the Yazoo Southern Rights one of '51—and then maintain it with your lives, fortunes, &c. Ab, but won't we make the old tyrants darn stockings and wash dishes, when we do get their noses down to the grind-stone good! Won't it be pleasant seeing them tamely patching the knees of the boys' breeches, while we go about talking politics, voting, electioneering, &c.?"

ODD COMPARISON.—Elder Knapp, the eccentric revivalist, in a sermon at Springfield, Illinois, last winter, used the following singular comparisons:

"As hard as it is to blow up hell with a pine shingle, hitched to a bobtail rat—as hard to do it as it would be for a fish to climb up a house with a loaf of bread under one arm, and a barrel of crackers under the other."

"Lord, send down the Holy Spirit on the people like fifty saxes."

"The mansion of the blessed will be so much superior to the best dwellings in this world, that the President's House, at Washington would not do for a smoke house."

GREAT MEN, AS WELL AS GREAT DEMOCRATS, WILL DIFFER.

This seems to be the case especially in reference to the Compromise. The Democrats of the Northwest, of Washington and of Old Virginia, approve of the Compromise and pledge themselves to sustain it, while we have a section of the Democracy hereabouts who are opposed to the Compromise as insulting to the South and aggressive on her rights, and who are in favor of resistance and acquiescence at the same time. We recommend to this class the extracts we give below from Mr. Senator King and Father Ritchie. We give first an extract from the late letter of Hon. S. W. Ingels. Great men will differ:

"The passage of the measures of the last Congress is the hand-writing on the wall announcing the extinction of slavery, or the ultimate destruction of the Union, and in opposing them, I claim to have been actuated not less by a regard to Southern rights than by patriotic devotion to the Union, which it was my anxious desire to uphold in its pristine purity, and to perpetuate to the last generation of men."

Thus says Mr. Ingels. Now read from an older, more experienced and wiser man, Hon. Wm. R. King:

"From all the indications, there is less danger of encroachments, upon Southern rights than at any time for the last twenty years. The fugitive slave bill will be enforced in despite of all the efforts of the fanatical wretches of the North to prevent it. Sincerely do I hope that our Southern people will not suffer themselves to be hurried into revolutionary measures by demagogues or political aspirants."

Again, the following from old Father Thos. Ritchie, the head of the Democratic church—he says:

"This Compromise system has been adopted; and I earnestly conjure my countrymen to adhere to it. Its preservation will save this glorious Union—its violation will destroy the noblest form of government that ever existed. I am now speaking, as it were from my political death-bed, with all the solemnity and responsibility which surround the confessions of a dying man. The country knows my attachment to the Union."

And again, Andrew Jackson Donaldson, the adopted son of the old Hero, and successor of Mr. Ritchie, in the Washington Union establishment, says:

"I shall cordially sustain the recent Compromise measures."

While in the city, a few days since, Senator King repeated his firm conviction that the Constitutional rights of the South were placed on a better foundation under the Compromise than they had been for years before; and also expressed his decided opinion that there was no possible chance to disturb it in Congress. In this opinion we fully concur. *Mobile Advertiser.*

The London Journals groan, and the Paris Journals chuckle,—that the visitors to the World's Fair add nothing to London, count nothing there, spend nothing,—but go over to Paris, frolic, spend, make merry, dance and sing. The lodging houses of London are vacant. The theatres and other places of amusement are leaner and lankier than ever. No Eagles, no Ducats, no Louis, no Sequins, no Thalers, no Fredericks, no Rupees, spent in London! All the gold goes over to Paris,—and the visitors in London live with the strictest economy—on bread and tea, beef steaks, and mutton chops, in the porter houses, drinking only beer, and poor at that. The West End is lined yet with placards of lodgings to let. Thus, London, calculating upon such an immense influx of immigrants as would overwhelm even her capacity for entertainment, has been disappointed throughout. Paris reaps whatever there is of profits from the World's Locomotion.

JERRY LIND SWINDLED.—The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin states that an outrageous swindle on the Swedish Nightingale, was perpetrated on Wednesday last. It is known that M'Le Lind, for want of time to have new tickets prepared for her first independent concert, used a set belonging to Mr. Barnum. By three o'clock in the afternoon, sixteen hundred tickets had been disposed of, a sufficient number to fill the hall completely, but not uncomfortably. The sale was then stopped. It appears, however, that the same set of tickets had been at a former concert in New York, and a speculator here had had a large number left on his hands. Ascertaining that the same kind of tickets were to be used at Philadelphia, a telegraphic message soon brought the old tickets to that city, where they were sold at large prices—many of them bringing five dollars. By this means it is believed that about two hundred persons gained admission, and the hall was thus crowded to excess. Of course, M'Le Lind was thus swindled out of about six hundred dollars, supposing the tickets sold at the par price of three dollars; while the perpetrators of the disgraceful fraud pocketed perhaps eight hundred or a thousand dollars.

Lately, in Michigan, two neighbors agreed to a mutual exchange of their families—one giving his wife and two children for the other's wife!

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

Clucking Woman.

Text.—O! steep my feet in boiling oil, Or put me on the rack; But save me, while I tarry here, From yonder woman's clack!

My HEARERS: perhaps we male mortals, ought not, generally speaking, to brag much about our faculties for restraining that 'unruly member' called the tongue; but I do think that women have no good reason to say ANYTHING—for, if we are incompetent in a certain degree, women most certainly are, in a very uncertain degree. Their *(tongues)* are reeds shaken by the wind—splinters upon a chesnut rail, that keep up a buzzing and a jarring so long as there is a breath to move them. The least breeze of passion that springs up in their bosoms, sets their mill-clacks in operation; and, as for stopping them, you might as well fire a pop-gun against thunder, or blow a hand-bellows against a hurricane. They will talk, like a poll-parrot, merely for the sake of the noise, and, (giving them credit for no evil intention,) they persevere in jabbering, without once reflecting that, what is music to them may be murder to others. 'O! woman! woman! wherefore art thou gifted with such gigantic powers of gab! Thou wouldst have been an angel, hadst thou an angel's whisper.

My hearers: I have been speaking of women as a whole. As regards their noisy loquaciousness, there are many beautiful exceptions. I know some whose words have fine fur, instead of dog-hair, upon them—whose tones are as soft and musical as the mild breathings of the Aeolian harp—to whom it is soothing to listen, and whose society is as sunshine to a storm-beaten flower.

But, oh! make my bed under a tinned roof during a night of incessant hail; place forty tom-cats at my window, all in 'full feather' (for, I should have said) for a row; bid me deliver an impressive discourse in a grist-mill; soak my corns in a boiling solution of pot-ash; bore my ears with a two-inch auger, or a congressional speech upon the tariff; compel me to endure the infliction of a fashionable opera; grate loaf sugar by my side while I am preparing a sermon, on Sunday; put me on the rack, if you choose—do anything you like, if you will only save me from the everlasting clack of that woman, whose M'LETTLES tones are enough to harrow up a man's soul, [Shakespeare!] freeze his warm blood, and make each particular hair—whiskers, moustaches, and imperial included—to stand on 'need' like bristles upon the back of a pup-worried boar-pig!

My hearers: I am afraid that if I say much more about the GENTLER sex, my soul, next week, will be as full of regrets as an old cot of bed-bugs in August: nevertheless, I am bound to preach the truth today, although the devil may tell me to morrow that I ought to be ashamed of myself for so doing. But, when you see my nose projecting from this old pulpit, know ye that I care not for the fear of man, the favor of women, nor the scoffs of Satan. I let out the truth, link by link, and, if I am thought to libel my brother man or my sister woman, let heaven be my judge—the twelve apostles, now above, constitute a jury—and I'll accept of anything for counsel other than a New York lawyer—I can't go THAT. In sooth, there is no use in trying to lessen the noise of a talkative woman's tongue by applying the oil of praise; for, the more you grease it by flattery, the faster and louder it runs. Say not a word; put putty in your ears, and it may tire itself out.

But, my dear friends, we ought not to be too severe upon the sisterhood—Heaven has made them as they are. Their imperfection is no fault of theirs, but an unwardable misfortune.

Nature made man the strongest, But woman's tongue the longest.

And now, in conclusion, my dear brethren, if you will but count up your errors, add to the sum total all your actual faults, you will find that the account is to be given to the credit of the feminine gender. Bear and forbear—overlook trifles—forgive all errors on the part of the last and the loveliest of God's works—and say as I do: "Women, with all thy faults, I love thee STILL!" So mote it be!

A little Jewess attending the theatre a few evenings since, was very much annoyed by the loud talk of an illiterate crone, and she told him so. "Well," said he, you needn't eat me up for so small an affair." "O, you needn't fear that," replied the lady, "I'm a Jewess, and do not eat pork."

A GEORGIA EDITOR "BUSTED."—An editor in Georgia, who has recently 'busted up' as he terms it, crows smartly over upon the fact that he did it with the honors of war. Although he admits that he retired from the field he says that he did it with colors flying—a sheriff's flag fluttering from two windows and the front door of his office.

A SONG.

I have loved thee as I never Loved a mortal heretofore, And each moment I endeavor To forget, but love thee more. When the heart its worship giveth Where it meets no love again, Then a death within it liveth, Which doth poison every vein.

And thy look is like the chilling Fall of ice on southern air, When the summer is distilling Balm and music ev'ry where. Thou hast changed my life's sweet honey Into bitter gall and brine, Yet my soul would still be sunny, Caught it not a gloom from thine.

Fare thee well! but oh, remember, When the spring time lights thy way, Thou dost make my life December, When it should be sunny May. Should my spirit flee before thee To the angels' world above, Sainted still, 'twill hover o'er thee, And protect the with its love. JULIA.

ONE GLASS TOO MUCH; OR THE WIFE'S NIGHTCAP.

BY "SIX IN DER WOODS."

Mr. —, who doesn't live more than a mile from the post office in this city, met some "Northern men with Southern principles," the other evening, and in extending them the hospitalities of the "Crescent City," visited so many of our princely Saloons and "Marble Halls," imbibing spiritual consolation as they journeyed, that when he left them at their hotel at the midnight hour, he felt, decidedly felt, that he had a "brick in his hat." Now, he has a wife, an amiable, accomplished and beautiful lady, who loves him devotedly, and finds but one fault with him. That is his too frequent visits to the places where those "bricks" are obtained.

After leaving his friends, Mr. — paused a moment, took his bearings, and having shaped a course, on the principles that continual angels meet, made sail for home. In due course of time he arrived there, and was not very much astonished, but rather frightened to find his worthy lady sitting up for him. She always does. She smiled when he came in. That also she always does.

"How are you, dear El?" she said—"you said out late, that I feared you had been taken sick."

"Hic—aint sick wife—b-but don't you think I'm—I'm a little tight?"

"A very little, perhaps, my dear—but that is nothing—you have so many friends, as you say, you must join them in a glass once in a while!"

"Wife you're too good—th-the truth is, I'm—d—drunk!"

"Oh, no indeed, my dear—I'm sure that even another glass wouldn't hurt you. Now suppose you take a glass of Scotch ale with me, just as a nightcap, dear!"

"You are too kind my dear, by half—I know I'm drunk!"

"On no—only a julep too much, love—that's all!"

"Yes—juleps—McMaster makes such stiff ones!"

"Well—take a glass of ale at any rate—it can't hurt you, dear; I want one before I retire!"

The lady hastened to open a bottle, and as she placed two tumblers before her on the side board, she put in one a very powerful emetic. Filling the glasses with the foaming ale, she handed one to her husband.

Suspicion came cloudily upon his mind. She never before had been so kind when he was drunk. He looked at the glass, raised it to his lips, then hesitated.

"Dear, w-wont you just taste mine, to make it sweet—sweeter," said he.

"Certainly, love!" replied the lady taking a mouthful, which she was very careful not to swallow.

Suspicion vanished, and so did the ale, emetic and all, down the throat of the satisfied husband. After spitting out the taste, the lady finished her glass, but seemed in no hurry to retire. She fixed a foot-tub of water before an easy chair, as if she intended to bathe her beautiful feet therein. But small as were those feet, there was not water enough in the tub to cover them. The husband began to feel, and he wanted to retire.

"Wait only a few minutes, dear," said his loving spouse; "I want to read the news in this afternoon's Delta. I found it in your pocket."

A few minutes more elapsed and then— and then—oh ye gods and Dan o' the lake, what a time! The husband was placed in the easy chair. He began to understand why the tub was there, he soon learned what ailed him. Suffice it to say, the brick had left his hat. It hasn't been there since. He says he'll never drink another julep; he can't bear Scotch ale, but he is death on lemonade! He loves his wife better than ever.

Reader, this is a truthful story. Profit by its moral.

HOLD YOUR BREATH.—The following marriage notice appears in a North Carolina paper. The happy bride bears a Spanish Infanta in the number of her names and titles:

Married.—In Duplin county, N. C., in March last, by Gibson Sloan, Esq., Mr. Randolph Groves to Miss Emily Rity Anne Eliza McDrming Returah Mary Elizabeth Julia Ann Caroline Pasteur Linn Puckett, daughter of the Rev. J. Puckett.—N. C. Republican.

SHARP BUSINESS TRANSACTION.—FEMALE ROUTE.

A few days since, a lady, having every appearance of respectable gentility about her, stepped into Stewart's fashionable dry goods store, in Broadway, New York, and purchased a shawl, prized at four hundred dollars, and presented a \$1,000 bill on the Bank of America to pay for it. The clerk being suspicious of the bill stepped to the Bank and inquired of the Cashier, who pronounced it genuine. The change was accordingly given her, and she took the purchased shawl, and had proceeded as far as the door, when she stepped back and remarked that she thought she had not better take it, until she had consulted her husband. The \$1,000 bill was then handed her, and she returned the shawl and the change she had received, and left the store. Presently she came back and said she had concluded to take it, and laying down a \$1,000 bill, received again her change, took the Cashmere under her arm and disappeared. After the lady was gone, it was discovered that she had changed the bill, and in place of the genuine note had put off upon the clerk a counterfeit of the same bank, leaving Mr. Stewart minus a valuable shawl and six hundred dollars in money.—N. H. Journal, June 10.

One mean action is, for young men to stand around church doors on Sundays, waiting for the female portion of the congregation to emerge, that they may stare them out of countenance, or follow a young female home, should she happen to be alone.

Cooper, in his novel of the 'Deer-layer,' makes some sport of a parcel of red Indians speculating over a chess figure, in the shape of an elephant, which they describe as a beast with two tails. The incident really occurred in the case of an Irish servant in a country house in Pennsylvania. A menagerie came along that way, and the elephant presented himself at the gate. The mistress of the house sent the servant forward with a feed of a loaf of bread. The 'help' walked once or twice the length of the animal, and returned with the loaf. 'Why hav'nt you given it to the elephant?' 'Sure' said she, 'and which end shall I give it to?'

Two gentlemen, of Potomac, (Pa.) were disputing one day last week, whereupon the one in a heat of passion challenged the other to fight a duel. The challenged person accepted, and as he had the choice of the weapons, named the cow hide.

Amongst the articles announced for sale in one of this week's auctions, we perceived an article entitled a mahogany child's chair. The father of this wonderful infant must have been of the Wood family.

A QUEER SUIT.—The Waukesha Democrat gives the particulars of a suit brought by a physician of that place against two persons, who took possession of a human body under the process of anatomical preparation. An inquest was held, and the remains were committed to the grave. The plaintiff brought an action against the inquest for damages; and in the prosecution of the suit, there appearing no evidence that the defendants acted under due authority, and the Court deciding that a human skeleton prepared for anatomical purposes possessed value, and should be regarded as property, the jury, upon the evidence before them, returned a verdict of fifty dollars damages for the plaintiff. From the evidence offered, it appears that a body is worth \$10, and a perfect skeleton \$50.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO MARRIAGE IN OREGON.—Her Legislature has passed a bill, giving to all men over eighteen years of age, who settled in Oregon previous to 1850, 640 acres of land if married, or 320 if single. The bill also provides that if single men marry in one year from the first of December 1850, they shall receive 640 acres. White males over twenty-one, emigrating and settling there, before the 1st day of December, 1853, are to receive 160 acres of land if single, and if married, then 320 acres. There is also a provision that if single men marry in one year after arriving in the territory, they can receive 320 acres. All male minors who go to the country and settle and become twenty-one before December, 1853, will receive 160 acres of land, absolutely, and if they marry in one year after arriving at majority, they will receive 320. All foreigners, by filing their intention of becoming American citizens, are treated like native-born American citizens, and they are only required to complete that naturalization before they can get a final title.

THE CASE OF SIMS.—A statement has been going the rounds of the press that Sims, the fugitive slave, returned from Boston to Savannah, and was sold to a Cuban planter, and was to be sent to Havannah. On the 26th ult., however, Sims was still in the slave pen at Savannah, and his keeper could get no offer for him, or sell him at any price. His master, Mr. Porter, wishes to dispose of him for the interior of Georgia, and he would be put up at the next public sale of slaves. Escape is impossible from the interior.